## THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY

# Milady of the Mercenaries

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Synopsis of Chapters Already Published
James Curtice, newspaper man, and
Daniel Haigh, club man, find themselves
prisohers on board a filibustering steamer
bound for Anahuac, where General Lasard, a mysterious Mr. Arthur, and his
henchmen expect to stir up a revolution
against Barry Ney Malone, Fresident of
the republic. On board the same steamer
are held as prisoners Captain Hendry,
of the Miranda J., Mate Tompkins having
joined the rebels in deposing the captain;
and Norah Malone, daughter of the widowed President of the republic, who is
in love with Haigh, who was seriously
wounded in the fight that resulted in the
imprisoning of the men in the lazaret.
While the mysterious Mr. Arthur is
nursing Haigh, the reader learns that
"she" is a woman. She decides to abandon the party when it touches Gulf shores
for arms, and proceed to Anahuac to try
her feminine wiles on President Malone,
Lazard and Curtice being sworn enemies,
she decides to give Curtice a revolver to
defend himself against the treacherous
South American. When she does so, she
tells Curtice that Norah Malone is in
love with her, as Mr. Arthur, of course,
and Curtice demands an apology or a
fight. Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

### CHAPTER XVIII.

VER San Diego the stars hang low, burning with a flerce, soft brightness. Intense heat mellows their cold brilliance, magnifying them, so that they gain unnatural size and color. In the black mirror of the waters their veriections vie with the wave-shattered prismatic trails from the harbor lights. The breath of the blue-black night is bland—silky and warm and sweet as a senorita's threat.

rita's throat.

Waves slap and anchor-chains creak, the ships' bells call to one another across the waters. If you listen sharply, a strain of faint music floats upon the breeze, from the band in the Plaza, are the listless crowds, the cafes and the statue of the Liberator. Barring these, it is quiet. The ships toss rest-lessly in the open roadstead, with one man on deck for an anchor-watch—the crews, for the most part, are ashore, carousing; and the deep, monotonous thunder of the surf upon the breakvater is but a mighty background to

There is no harbor proper; but the There is no harbor proper; but the roadstead is broad, the holding is good, and partials shelter is given by the breakwater. This is of recent construction, erected during the latter part of Majone's reign. So, too, were the massive quays of stone which project into the shallowing waters, providing wharfage. The town itself, San Diego de Anabuse is gentlered along the parrow huac, is scattered along the narrow strip of sand which separates the sea from the base of the mountains. It is unpleasant place of many evil ells, of intense heat, populated only those who cannot find other homes, or by those whose business interests de-

mand their presence in the port. Into this roadstead of San Diego, then, at about 11 o'clock of such a night, sneaked the Miranda J., showing no meaked the Miranda J., showing no lights, dropping her anchor as noiselessly as might be, far out from the shore. The twinkling lights of the city seemed very small and far away to those on deck; the beacon on the end of the breakwater was very near at hand. There was much to be done ere dawnmany things in which the authorities, the commandant of the little old fort, and the customhouse officials would be likely to take a most vigorous and anlikely to take a most vigorous and an-

noying interest.

It was consideration for their peace of mind, perhaps, that accounted for the manner of the vessel's arrival. It was better that her arrival should not be known to them until the dawn should disclose her swinging idly at her cable. By that time she would have become a peaceful coasting trader. Her manifes would show that she was the Martha J. master, Tompkins; owner, J. Smith, of Norfolk, Virginia; out of New Orleans; destinations, San Diego, La Guayra, and Cayenne; with a mixed cargo, including some stationary gas engines consigned to Sanchez y Rojas, Sau Diego; one passenger, D. Haigh, of New York, now ill in his berth with coast fever. A highly commonplace and most misleading document, that manifest, its inno-cent reading the result of some hours of hard labor on the part of Lazard and

Mr. Tompkins.

As a matter of record, it may be said that the ship had delayed several days in the little bayou near Biloxi. It was lonely there, and none came near her save, upon the night of her advent, a party of teamsters, who hastily unloaded upon her decks four shining Gatling guns, one thousand Mauser rifles, and two hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, the whole nicely boxed and labeled as gas-engines, steel cables, bilabeled as gas-engines, steel cables, bi-

cycle parts, and what not.

The engines, as before stated, were to go to Messrs. Sanchez y Rojas, of San Diego, but the cables, bicycle parts, and the rest were variously consigned to La Guayra and Cayenne—which places, be sure, they would never see. For there is a little adobe village some thirty miles north of San Diego, where the Rio de Manoah empties into the Caribbean, and where arms in cases, or out of them for that matter, might be unobtrusively landed. Thither would the Miranda J. shape her course, once she had left the pas-engines in San Diego, where they would do the most good in case of an

This was a very beautiful plan; it was Lazard's, and he was quite proud of it.
That anything should occur to make it
miscarry would be a great disappointment to his cheerful soul.

ment to his cheerful soul.

During the voyage from Biloxi, it is doubtful if Norsh had been for two consecutive hours absent from the side of the sick man. Actuated not only by the affection she bore him, but also by the common humanity that gives aid and comfort to those in sore distress, she had tended him right faithfully. None other in the ship's company gave him a other in the ship's company gave him a thought, perhaps, save the impotent pair in the lazaret, who knew nothing of his misery and danger. The fever had smit-ten him in his weakness, and he was fruly in evil case. The girl was left to her own re-

The girl was left to her own resources. She levied with unsparing hand upon the quinine in the medicine chest, knowing, at least, that that would work for his good. Whisky she purioined from Tompkins store and gave to Daniel in small doses, thinking thus to strengthen him. Dally she usurped the duties of the Chinese cook, and in the galley prepared dainty little dishes for the man, to whom, more often than not, she had to feed them with a spoon, so light-headed he became. And so light-headed he became. And through all the frenzied illusions of the deliriant, through the hallucinations of his disordered brain, fresh sorrow came to the girl that his high, clean soul should be so worthy and yet so love-

Her name was most frequent upon his lips during this period of his lilness. There seemed to have been a submergence of all his faculties in his love for her, his devotion to her interests. And that which tore her heart as if on a rack was the sublimity of his passion, which, loving greatly, was resigned to relinguish his love to the arms of another.

other.

During these long days she came to know quite well how much she cared for that other, how thoroughly inter-tangled with his fortunes her destiny must be. For the future she dared not must be. For the future she dared not hope; those men whose society she must suffer daily were bent upon his death. In some way they would encompass it. if it should be in their power. And without Curtice the world would be empty as a broken eggshell, flat and dreary as the sun-baked llanos of her parent country, tasteless as stale water. Lacking him, the world would hold for her naught but the mother church, whose wide, compassionate doors already opened for her.

That voyage was to her a dream, wherein she moved and walked and talked unknowingly. When at last it was ended, and they swung at anchor.

talked unknowingly. When at last it was ended, and they swung at anchor, she did not comprehend, or wonder that the rumble of the engines had ceased. Coming from Daniel's side after having lulled him to fitful slumber by the magic of her palm upon his brow. Norah steeped into the saloon to find the three, Fetter, Tompkins, and Lasard,

apparently awaiting her. Ignoring them, as had been her recent custom, she started across the cabin to her own stateroom, but Lazard arrested her

stateroom, but Lazard arrested her steps.

"Senorita," he said with a bow and an oily smirk, "pray be seated. We have a communication to make to you."

He offered her a chair, rolling his small eyes and smiling with a curl of the lip that displayed to the best advantage the whiteness of his teeth.

She did not seem to see the chair. Pausing, she inquired disdainfully:
"A communication? And if I decline to hear it?"

"You will not; it affects you personally."

sonally."
"Very well; I am waiting."
"Will you be pleased to look, seno-

rita?"

Lazard pointed to the open deadlight. The girl went to it and peered out. The scene was one familiar to her; she knew it instantly for their destination, and she choked a little with fear and dismay. The voyage was ended—what now would come?

"That is San Diego, senor'ta."
"I know it. Well?"
"We go ashore tonight. You had best

repare."

"Very well. But the Senor Haigh?"

Lazard raised expressive shoulders and spread his palms toward her.

"He is a very sick man!" she cried, reading his answer aright.

"He is in the hands of God!" rejoined the mercenary pleusly. "Tomish' you leave him." night you leave him."
"I cannot, I cannot!" she pleaded

wildly.

"You must."

"I will not, then!" She turned upon them desperately. "Have you no hearts, have you no nearts, have you no pity, you—you—"

"That's enough!" the mate interrupted brutally. "We've no time to waste upon an interfering fool like that fellow. You get ready, now; the boat's waiting for you."

waiting for you."
"I will not-I will not!"
"Will you go quietly, or must we use force, senorita?" inquired Lasard, with an air, that showed his indifference. "All right. If you will have it, then-

"All right. If you will have it, then—Fetter!'

The fellow jumped up eagerly, in no way unwilling for the task. The girl backed away from him as if he were some repellent reptile. Through the corner of her eye she saw Lazard slipping up behind her. Turning to avoid him, she gave Fetter the chance he sought. He dashed quickly in, clipping her arms to her side, and she felt his rank, sodden breath upon her cheek. She opened her mouth to scream—that last resort of woman—when Lazard slipped a folded cloth between her teeth, forcing it roughly back against the corners of her lips while he knotted it behind her head. Half choked, she submitted.

mitted.

Meanwhile Haigh had been roused from his uneasy rest by the sounds of the struggle and his mistress' voice raised in protest. He opened his door and stepped out into the cabin-wildeved, half-insane with the fever, conscious of one thing only—that Norah was in danger. Tompkins' back was to him and the cick man aprana upon the him, and the sick man sprang upon the mate with a ferocity that almost stunned him, winding his arms and legs about him and biting at his clothes like

a mad dog.

The mate, taken completely off his guard, was for a moment too surprised to move; then, recovering, he easily twisted himself from his assailant's enfeebled clutches, and turned upon him with an oath. Fighting, biting, and kicking with his bare feet, the little man was carried back and thrown heavily into his berth. When he attempted to rise Tompkins knelt upon his chest and bound his hands and feet with the bed clothing. "You will, will you?" cried the mate

furlously. "Lie still, or or Haigh babbled at him in puerile anger, but Tompkins seemed not to hear him. In a moment he smiled darkly and left the room,
"I'll be with you in a minute," called
the mate to Lazard. He went to his own
berth and returned with something in his hand that glittered in the light.
"I'll fix you, my bucko," he told Haigh
as he dropped a little white pellet into a
spoon half full of water and watched it
dissolve. "You won't be so darned
fresh after you get this in your system." Presently he filled the hypodertem." Presently he filled the hypoder-mic, plunging it into the little man's arm and slowly pushing in the lever. "Lie still, sonny," he advised. "Pretty soon you'll be feeling fine. When I come back I'll give you another dose. I'll be taking mine, then, and you ain't had half enough."

He went on deck. Lazard and Fetter had persuaded the struggling girl to the He went on deck. Lazard and Fetter had persuaded the struggling girl to the head of the gangway, beneath which a boat was in readiness. Before long, but in the end by carrying her bodily down the steps, they got her into the sternsheets. The two men took the oars; they must row the distance themselves, since Tompkins dared not leave the ship, nor could he trust the crew to return if once they went ashore. turn if once they went ashore.
"Tomorrow evening, then?" he called over the side.

"At the latest," Lazard's answer came up to him. "About this time, senor. Be careful of the gas engines..."
"Trust me for that, old hoss. Adios!"
"Adios!"

"Adios"
They shoved off, and the boat was gathered into the arms of the night; it purposely carried no betraying light. Tompkins set the anchor watch, and still smiling that dark, ominous smile, returned to the saloon. To his disgust, he found Mr. Hentz seated at the table, coolly sipping a glass of whisky and water.

water.
"Helio!" cried Mr. Tompkins, with an welv frown. "What are you doing ugly frown. "What are you doing here?"
"Vat you see." answered the German stolidly. "I was a leedle drink having. You care to join me?" he added a trifle

You care to join me?" he added a trifle more pleasantly.

Tompkins hesitated; he was suspicious of the German, remembering the encounter they had had some time since. But in Mr. Hentz's manner there was no trace of resentment. Kather, he bore himself good humoredly, as one wio is warmed with drink, and in his invitation to the mate there was the ring of desire for companionship. He was in the way at the time, but in his presence in the saloon he stood clearly within his rights; no fault could be found with him on that head. It would be best, possibly, to indulge him for the while.

"All right, I reckon I will," said Tompkins ungraciously. He took a chair and helped himself to a glass of grog. "How're the engines going. Dutchy?"

"Dey are very fine engines," responded the German. "Very goot, indeed. Dot reminds me of somedings. I vill return shortly."

(The Continuation of This Story Will) Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.)

Cleaning Currants. The stalks may be very quickly removed from currants by well flouring the hands and rubbing the currants as hard as possible between them. This takes much less time than picking them separately, and is quite as effective.

# The Proper Care of Oilcloth

Oil cloth should not be swept with a straw broom or scrubbed with a stiff brush. Instead, sweep with a soft hair brush and wipe off with lukewarm water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of Gold Dust Washing Powder, and rinse with clear, warm water Where oil cloth is losing its shiny surface, wash as above, then dissolve a little ordinary glue in a pint of hot water. At night go over the whole carefully with a flannel dipped in glue water. Choose a dry day and by morning the glue will be hard; it will give a fine gloss and make the oil cloth wear

# Dr. and Mrs. Grenfell Entertained At Butler Home on Arrival From Labrador

### Dr. Ethan Flagg Butler British Embassy Scene Host in Absence of Parents.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilfred 'T. Grenfell, of Labrador, arrived in Washington this morning, and will be the guests today and tomorrow at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Butler, on I street. Mr. and Mrs. Butler are absent from the city on account of illness and death in the family, but their son, Dr. Ethan Flagg Butler, will act as host in their

This afternoon there will be a reception from 4 to 6 o'clock, in honor of Dr and Mrs. Grenfell, and receiving with them for Mr. and Mrs. Butler in their absence will be Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Snow, the Misses Sedgely, Mrs. Charles Wood, Mrs. C. D. Hilles, Mrs. Charles D. Walcott, Mrs. Bryan, and Mrs. John W.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Wood will enter tain at juncheon tomorrow in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Grenfell, and in the even-ing Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Snow will give a dinner for them before their departure Wednesday morning for Pittsburg.

Lieutenant Ruggles and Wife Returning From Chile.

The military attache of the American legation in Chile, Lieut. Francis A. Ruggles, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ruggles are returning to Washington, as Lieutenant Ruggles has received orders to report at the War Department. Mrs. Ruggles was formerly Miss Mabel Perkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cleveland Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Heath, who will leave Washington shortly to spend the summer abroad, have as their guests. Mrs. Heath's mother and sister, Mrs. Conway, of Louisyille, Ky., who has been spending the winter in California, and Mrs. Stetson, of Boston.

Robert Dudley Winthrop, of New York and South Carolina, will arrive in Washington tomorrow for a visit of two or three days to his brother and sisterin-law, the Assistant Secretary of the

in-law, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Beekman Winthrop. Miss Rona Fleischman entertained the

Sewing Circle at her home in Massachusetts avenue, Friday. Her guests were Miss Rhoda Mantner, Miss Gladys Mayer, Miss Ernestine Rich, Miss Reta Baer, and Miss Celeste Goodman.

# Of Informal Luncheon

The British Ambassador and Mrs. James Bryce entertained informally at luncheon at the embassy today, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm, of Ottawa, Canada, and Mr. Kerr, the new third secretary of the

The officers of the Washington Weilesley Club will be at home informally with Mrs. Davis, the club president at the Westmoreland, for the last time this season, this afternoon.

## Mr. and Mrs. Newberry Go to Boardwalk City

on New Hampshire avenue.

several weeks.

A most elastrate program has been arranged as follows:

1—Trio, Miss Florence Noack, piano;
Mrs. S. C. Gusack, violin, and Miss Ethel Lee, 'cello.

2—An Essay on Music, Mrs. S. C.

3-Vocal solo, Mr. Rogers. 4-"Jewish Current Topics," Rev. A. Noack and Miss Fannie Noack, with

#### The former Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Truman H. Newberry clozed their Sixteenth street residence this morning and left town for a fortnight at Atlantic

City, before going to their home in Detroit for the spring. They were accomnanied by their daughter, Miss Carol Newberry, and their twin sons, Barnes and Phelps Newberry, will join them at the seashore for the Easter holidays. In June they will go to their summer home at Watch Hill R. I.

Mrs. Weeks, wife of Representative Weeks, entertained at bridge this afternoon, followed by tea, at her residence on New Hampshire avenue.

Commissioner and Mrs. Johnston have

returned to Washington from a brief sojourn at Old Point Comfort, where Mrs. Summerlin, their daughter, has been for

The postponed meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary Society will be held this afternoon at 2.30 p. m., in the vestry room of the Eighth Street Temple.

A most elaborate program has been

Miss Ethel Noack at the piano. Refreshments and a social hour will

# The Story of Tonight's Opera "MANON"

MANON," Massanet's gorgeous lyric drama, which is to be the opening opera of the French grand opera season at the Belasco Theater tonight, ranks as the masterpiece of the great French composer. As may readily be assumed, it is founded on Prevost's great romance, "Manon Lescaut," the story of which it follows religiously. For the benefit of those who have never read this masterpiece of French fiction, it may be stated that the argument is founded on the adventures of the Chevalier des Grienx, who, while on his way to Paris to enter the priesthood, becomes enamored of Manon Lescaut, a young girl whom he meets at a wayside inn. Forgetting his duties to the church and his impending yows, he flees to Pasis with Manon, with whom he proceeds to set up housekeeping. After a few months of bliss, they are interrupted by Des Grieux's father, who pays Manon a large sum of money to abandon his son; which she does, accepting the protection of a wealthy admirer. Des Grieux, in despair, returns to the divinity school and is about to assume the vows of the priesthood when Manon, feeling her love for him to overshadow everything else, church. Believing her protestations of undying fidelity, he files with her only to be intercepted before reaching Paris by the efficers of the law, who throw them into prison on complaint of the stern father. Through the family influence Des Grieux is released, but Manon is sentenced to penal servitude. Des Grieux manages to break through the cordon of guards surrounding her as she is about to be placed on the prison ship. Thinking she is attempting to escape, the guards are upon her and she dies in her lover's arms. The soloists will be Mons. Fontaine, Caillol, Montano, Bechade, Combes,

Vergnes, Chacon, Weleckmann, Casbianca, Muller, and Miles. Rolland, Cortez, Ceddes and Vincent

**Toilet Articles Useful** 

saved if she invests in a set of tolle

Convenient cases fitted with all the

or eight handkerchiefs, an extra slik kimono and bedroom slippers. It will not cost much to have this

methods are to be employed, following the plans of a distinguished expert. Most of this country is now a

# Popular Recipe for Mother's Spice Cake

Two cups dark brown sugar, one-third pound butter, cream both well; add short visits will find time and temper three eggs, one at a time; cream well, one quart flour, a little more if necessary; then add one cup sour articles to be kept in her sultcase. milk in which is stirred one heap-ing teaspoon baking soda; while the sour milk is foaming pour into above many pockets and stock it with extra mixture, then add one-half teaspoon ground cloves, one-half teaspoon ground tle of tollet water, another of alcohol, tooth powder, your special soap, cold cream and glycerin and rosewater. Keep it always stocked and ready packnutmeg, three ground allspice, one-half cup raisins.

Stir all and pour into two buttered cake pans. Bake in moderate even.

## Burned by Custard.

Mrs. Piper had just finished some custard pies and placed them on the floor to cool. In the dark Piper stuck one of his feet in a pie and uttering a howl of pain, stepped out of the one ple only to put the other foot in the second pie. Before his stockings could be removed the hot custard had worked in between his toes and he was badly burned.—Iowa Falls Sentinel.

Bureau That Is Great Help.

The bureau of information of the General Federation of Women's Clubs said to be one of the most successful of its departments. Mrs. Mary I. Wood, of New Hampshire, is the chairman, and through her efforts thousands of women who live at a distance from libraries and have no way to obtain books of reference have been helped to good club work in the way of essays or practical work.

Soft Knock-about English Wool Hats-good form with the new button-through Topcoats-\$2.50.

# Stinemet3

F Street, Corner Twelfth.

# Have You Any Old Clothing?

Under the classification of "Wanted Misc." in The Times Classified Columns will be found several ads similar to this one!—

HIGHEST CASH prices paid for worn clath-ing, either ladies' or gentlemen's; send postal, will call. B. TARSHES, 1308 7th st. N. W. Phone North 499. These ads offer good prices, not only for clothing, but old furniture, etc., as well,

## General Foster and Wife Entertain Hills At Dinner.

Gen. and Mrs. John W. Foster will entertain at dinner tonight in honor of the American Ambassador to Germany and Mrs. David Jayne Hill, who arrived in Washington at noon today. for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lansing, sonin-law and daughter of the host, who arrived in Washington today for a visit, will be among the guests at the dinner.

Miss Margaret Dulles will arrive in Washington tomorrow for a visit to her grandparents, and will be among the guests at the dinner which General and Mrs. Foster are giving tomorrow night for Miss Helen Taft.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Vandergrift and Alice Vandergrift have gone to the Virginia Hot Springs for their annual spring visit.

#### List of Patronesses For "Simply Cynthia."

The patronesses for the performance of "Simply Cynthia," which will be given at the Columbia Theater Tuesday afternoon, April 18, by the Princeton Triangle Club, the dramatic organization of Princeton University, are: Mrs. Samuel S. Adams, Mrs. Edward A. Balloch, Mrs. William Ballantyne, jr., Mrs. Andrew C. Bradley, Mrs. Charles H. Bradley, Mrs. Edmund Brady, Mrs. Alexander Britton, Mrs. Frank O. Briggs, Mrs. George W. Brown, Mrs. Wilhelmus B. Bryan, Mrs. John Cassels, Mrs. Frederic E. Chapin, Mrs. Robert M. Craig, Mrs. W. Murray Crane, Mrs. H. Bradley Davidson, Mrs. Henry E. Davis; Mrs. A. C. Downing, Mrs. G. Thomas Dunlop, Mrs. John Dunlop, Mrs. Andrew B. Duvail, Mrs. Frank E. Evans, Mrs. John O. Evans, Mrs. William F. Flather, Mrs. John W. Foster, Mrs. Duane E. Fox, Mrs. Robert J. Gamble, Mrs. Charles C. Glover, Mrs. J. Holdsworth Gordon, Mrs. James M. Johnston, Mrs. Rudoiph Kauffmann, Mrs. Victor Veuffmann, Mrs. Victor Kauffmann, Mrs. A. B. Kelly, Mrs. Colin H. Livingstone, Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. Harry C. McLean, Mrs. A. Logan, Mrs. Harry C. McLean, Mrs. Henrietta C. Metzrott, Mrs. Wallace Neff, Mrs. Frank Noyes, Mrs. Hughes Oliphant, Mrs. Myron M. Parker, Mrs. John W. Pilling, Mrs. Robert Fitch Shepard, Mrs. Z. T. Sowers, Mrs. Edward J. Stellwagen, Mrs. Henry C. Stewart, Mrs. Ross Thompson, Mrs. Louise C. Wiehle, Mrs. H. L. Wigmore, Mrs. John F. Wilkins, Mrs. Gardner F. Williams, Mrs. Beekman Winthrop, and Williams, Mrs. Beekman Winthrop, and Mrs. Myron B. Wright.

#### Baltimore Club to Give Operetta Friday.

The Paint and Powder Club, of Bal timore, will give their new operetta, '1492" for the benefit of the Chris Child Society, at the New National Theater, Friday afternoon, April 21, at

The scene of the operetta is laid in Spain and in Baltimore, where aristocratic Mount Vernon place is faithfully

cratic Mount Vernon place is faithfully reproduced.

Washington society women who will act as patronesses on that occasion, are: Baroness Hengelmuller, Mme. Jusserand, Mrs. Bryce, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Myer, Mrs. Nagel, Mrs. White, Mrs. Myer, Mrs. Nagel, Mrs. White, Mrs. Hughes, Senora Dona de Calvo, Senora Dona de Riano, Countess de Buisseret, Mme. von Lowenthal-Linau, Baroness von Preuschen, Senora Dona Benora Dona de Calvo, Senora Dona de Riano, Countess de Buisseret, Mme. von Lowenthal-Linau, Baroness von Preuschen, Senora Dona de Calvo, Genora Dona de Riano, Countess de Musical Riano, Countes de Riano, Countes de Musical Riano, Countes de Musical Riano, Coun Buisseret, Mme. von Lowenthal-Linau, Baroness von Preuschen, Senora Dona de Urcullu, Viscomtesse Benoit d'Azy, Mrs. Milton E. Alles, Mrs. William K. Carr, Mrs. John Cropper, the Misses Cullen, Mrs. John W. Dwight, Mrs. Maurice F. Egan, Mrs. Thomas M. Gale, Mrs. George E. Hamilton, Mrs. M. A. Hanna, Mrs. John Hay, Mrs. Robert Hinckley, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Gaillard Hunt, Mrs. O. H. P. Johnson, Mrs. Leiter, Mrs. Joseph Leiter, Mrs. Lodge, Mrs. J. Nota McGill, Mrs. John R. McLean, Mrs. Henry May, Mrs. W. E. Montgomery, Mrs. Theodore Mosher, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Oliver, the Misses Patter, Mrs. Ross Perry, Miss Janet E. Richards, Mrs. James H. Sands, Mrs. J. Henley Smith, Mrs. Edward J. Stellwagen, Mrs. Story, Mrs. Symons, Mrs. J. Selwin Tait, Mrs. Corcoran Thom, Mrs. Charles D. Walcott, Mrs. John James Walsh, Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth, Mrs. Beekman Winthrop. In Girls' Suitcases The gfrl who gets off hurriedly for Mrs. Beekman Winthrop.

Mrs. Daniel Lamont and the Misses Lamont have arrived in Washington for their annual spring visit and are guests at the Arlington.

Mr. and Mrs. Amnon Benrend an-nounce the engagement of their daugh-ter, Miss Nellie Behrend, to Richard Bonwitt, of New York.

Miss Lorraine Herman, of the Beacon, left the city today for Lancaster, Pa., where she will be the guest of Miss Adelaide Well. led in the bag.

In the bag should also go a small pincushion or cube of pins, a tiny sewing bag fully equipped, a dainty nightdress wrapped in blue paper to keep it from yellowing, then put in a linen case, and a small handkerchief case holding six or eight handkerchief are eight are eight and eight are eig

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Kaufman, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Nye. Miss Marguerite Kauf-man, and Joe Kaufman, are in Balti-more, to attend the wedding of Miss Cordelia Speare and Milton Alexander.

Miss Ernestine Rich, of Harvard street, has as her guest her cousin, Miss Ruth Schubach, of New York. Miss Florence Rothschild, of Balti-

Reclaiming Swamp.

The country of Mesopotamis, located between the Tigris and Euphrates in India, is to be made to bloom again as it did of old. Modern irrigation methods are to be employed, following the plans of a distinguished exing the plans of a distinguished exing the ensuing year. Addresses will be ing the plans of a distinguished expert. Most of this country is now a
swampy waste, but there are substantial indications of the ancient
Washington State, and Mrs. Archibald
tantial indications of the ancient
Canals employed.

# Wonderful Savings in Fetching Spring Millinery-



The closing out sale at the Western Millinery Shop, 1107 H street northwest, is proving a great success from a standpoint of values as well as the quality of the hats themselves. With Easter only a week hence, our sale is unusually attractive. Milady's Easter bonnet will cost only

one-half what you would have to pay at

Hats remodeled in the latest fashion. Try our prices and workmanship.

MME. MUNROE Western Millinery Shop 1107 H St. N. W.

# FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

# The Sandman's Stories

THE BABY MERMAID.

ERTHA was a little German girl. her head and shook her very gently, and the little thing laughed out loud with delight.

She found a nice flat rock and down to knit, but hardly was she before."

The acknowledge with a large shell sat down to knit, but hardly was she seated when she heard a splashing in the water near her and two large fish threw themselves on the shore.

They did not seem to notice Bertha for one of them said. "It is a relief to e away from that dreadful noise, isn't

"I never heard such acreaming since was born into the 'ocean," said the other. "I am glad Mermaid babies are not often found? Bertha's curiosity could stand no

more. "I did not know there were mermaid babies," she said to the fish. "Of course, they have to be bables first," said the fish, who seemed to be the spokesman, "but this one is the first ever saw and it cries all the time." "Perhaps it is cutting its teeth," said

"No, it isn't," said the fish. "I was right beside it and it hadn't a knife near it." "Oh, dear," laughed Bertha, "I do not mean that kind of cutting. I mean

that its teeth are coming through its Both fish looked very blank at this remark, and the spokesman said, "I cannot say why it cries, but it is im-

ossible to live near it. We have not ept at all since it was found. "I wish I could see it," said Bertha.

"You can," said the fish, "if you are not afraid of getting wet. My brother and I will take you to the bottom of the ocean, but do not blame us for all the noise, for we have warned you, it is enough to drive us to fish books."

noise, for we have warned you, it is enough to drive us to fish hooks."

"I shall not mind that," said Bertha, as she put her knitting under a rock, "but how will you get me there?"

"Put an arm over the back of each of us," said the fish. Bertha did as she was told, and drew a long breath, and before the could breath again she was pefore she could breathe again she was at the bottom of the ocean.
On a large pink-lined shell Bertha saw the dearest little mermald you can saw the dearest little mermald you can imagine, and around it were several mermalds trying to quiet its cries.

"We have brought this little girl to see the baby," said the speaker fish.

"We think she would be quite pretty,"



said one of the mermaids, "if she would stop crying, but she has not stopped a ninute since we found her. "Didn't the stork bring her?" said Bertha.

"We do not have the stork here," said the mermaid, "the dolphins hide them among the rocks, and sometimes they grow up before we ever see them, but grow up before we ever see them, but this one made such a noise that we found her. We never saw one so small before.

weed," said Bertha Away swam a mer-maid, and soon returned with a large peice of seawed. Bertha put an end of it to the baby's lips. It opened its little mouth and grasped at it eagerly. Bertha held it close to her as she sat on the rock swaying back and forth with the motion of a

back and forth with the motion of a rocking chair, and soon the little creature was fast asleep.

"I wish you had come before," said the fish, who had brought Bertha down. "Can't you take her back with you?"

"Oh, no, no," said one of the mermaids, "she would die if she stayed out of water. Tell us how to take care of her," she said to Bertha, "for we will have to bring her up now that she has been taken from her shell." "What has been taken from her shell," "What you need is a cradle," said Bertha; "can you find a very large shell that can be

"I'll find one," said the fish, and away he went with his brother. "And you must have something to amuse her, too," said Bertha.
"We can get the gold fish to swim around her," said a mermaid. "That is the very thing," Bertha told tem; "bables like bright things." The baby mermiad opened her eyes and smiled. Bertha held her up over

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The fish came back with a large shell and Bertha filled it with sea moss and put the baby in it; then the mermaids returned with the goldrish and they swam all around the cradle, making

the baby clap her hands and laugh. "I must be going," sald Bertha, tooking around for the fish who brought her down. The mermaids told Bertha they were very grateful to her for showing them how to care for the little mermaid.



'And if we happen to find another," said one, "we shall know just what

one," said the fish, as he placed him-self beside Bertha; "we have had all the bables we want for awhile." "We may take her to the top of the ocean for an airing," said a mermaid, "and we will look for you," she tolu Bertha, "for you are her godmother you know; you were the first one to take her from her shell."
"I will look for you every pleasant day," said Bertha, as she waved good-

by to the baby mermald.

The fish shot through the water and she was at the top again.

Bertha pfcked up her knitting and walked slowly toward home, for she wanted her clothes to dry before she want into the house. went into the house.
"I never thought I should be god-mother to a mermald," said Bertha, as she walked along. "But you never can tell what is going to happen."

Tomorrow's Story: "The Talking Ant-

### Phonograph Likely To Succeed Stenographer

While it may not take place in this generation, the passing of the stenographer may be predicted for the next. In many of the large establishments the phonograph is in active use and thus displaces the stenographer with her notebook.

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